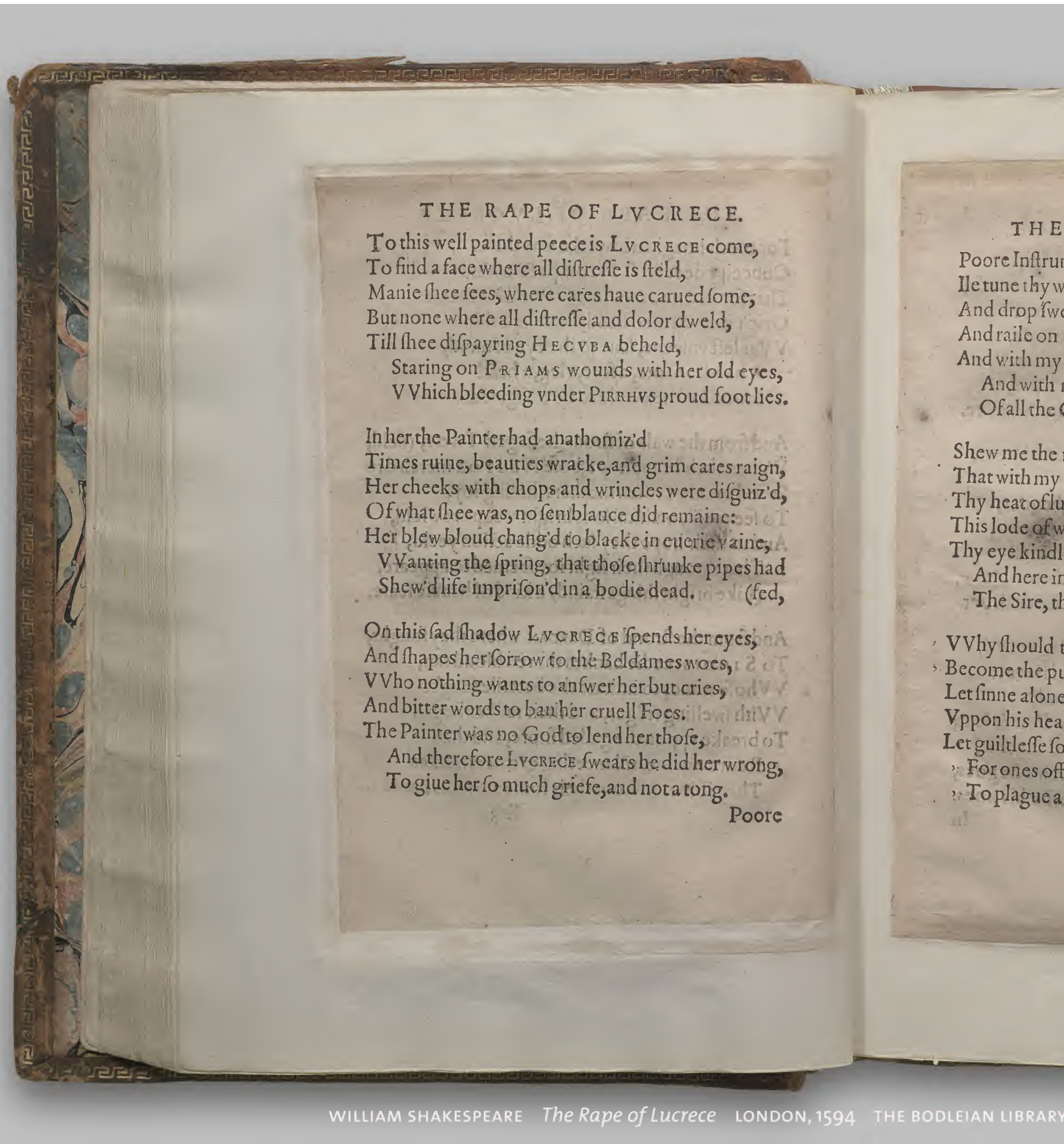

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

To this well painted peece is LVCRECE come,
To find a face where all diſtreſſe is ſteld,
Manie ſhee ſees, where cares haue carued ſome,
But none where all diſtreſſe and dolor dweld,
Till ſhee diſpayring HECVBA beheld,
Staring on PRIAMS wounds with her old eyes,
VVhich bleeding vnder PIRRHVS proud foot lies.

In her the Painter had anathomiz'd
Times ruine, beauties wracke, and grim cares raign,
Her cheeks with chops and wrincles were diſguiz'd,
Of what ſhee was, no ſemblance did remaine:
Her blew bloud chang'd to blacke in euerie vaine,
VVanting the ſpring, that thoſe ſhrunke pipes had
Shew'd life impriſon'd in a bodie dead. (fed,

On this ſad ſhadow LVCRECE ſpends her eyes,
And ſhapes her ſorrow to the Beldames woes,
VVho nothing wants to anſwer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruell Foes.
The Painter was no God to lend her thoſe,
And therefore LVCRECE ſwears he did her wrong,
To giue her ſo much griefe, and not a tong.

Poore